

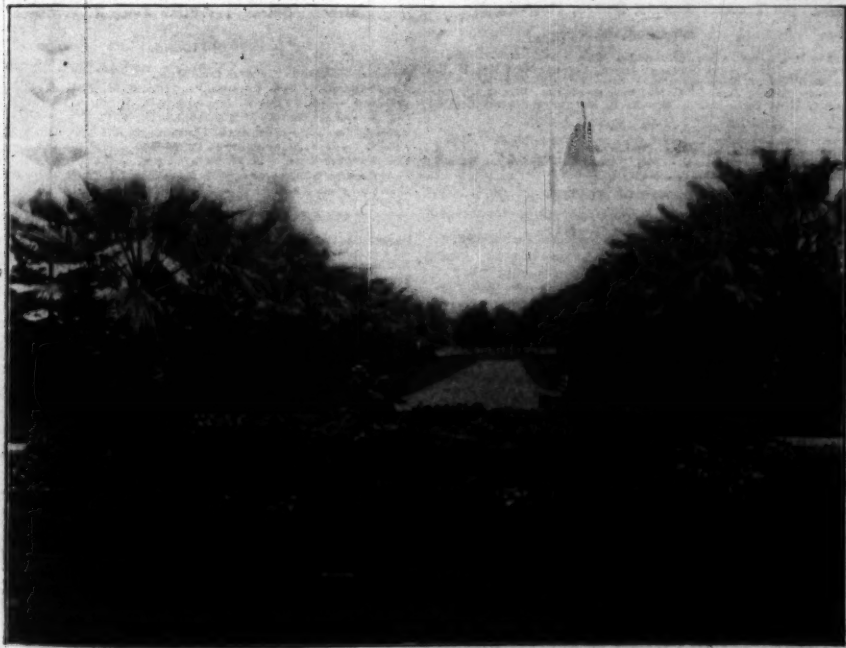
Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. IV.

MAY, 1900.

No. 5.



A Street in Los Angeles, California.

510 * Tremont * Temple
Boston

"Topics of the Year."

Cuba and Puerto Rico.	JANUARY.
Alaska.	FEBRUARY.
Negroes.	MARCH.
America's Mission Field.	APRIL.
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Anniversary Notes.	JUNE.
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	AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
The Outlook.	OCTOBER.
Mormons.	NOVEMBER.
Mexico.	DECEMBER.

HOME MISSION ECHOES.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the general editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People."

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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Annual Meeting.

THE Annual Meeting, elsewhere noted, will be an occasion of great interest. Among the speakers who have signified their willingness to be present are: Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, of Philadelphia; Sarah E. Elliot, M. D., formerly of Utah; Mrs. W. H. Rishel, of New Mexico, and Miss Mary I. Williams, of Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga. These, with papers, reports, and meetings for workers, with make a season of profit and interest. We wish associations would send their directors, and pay travelling expenses.

Patriotism Among Chinese-Americans.

SOME of our soldiers, on their way to Manila, visited the Chinese Girls' Home, in San Francisco. On leaving, the girls said, "God bless you and make you fight

good." And their parting text was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

OUR Paper Mission has of late received requests for literature that will aid those who are inclined to skepticism; for those under Mormon influence, even for young converts in Mormon homes — also for temperance literature.

Any having books or papers that furnish evidences of Christianity, or arguments against Christian Science, as well as such as will meet the needs stated above, with any helpful religious reading for young or old, will kindly communicate with the superintendent of Our Paper Mission, Miss Eva E. Howlett, Wakefield, Mass.

Mrs. J. C. BREAKER, of Northampton, has been appointed as Director of Westfield Association.

MISS MARY PRINCE, of Wenham Depot, has been appointed as Assistant Director of Salem Association.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

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MAY, 1900.

No. 5.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

THE annual gathering of the society will soon be here. Already preparations for the approaching anniversary have begun, and the hospitable Clarendon Street Church, of Boston, will open its doors to welcome the New England women. Committees have been chosen, State and Associational workers have prepared reports, speakers of local and national reputation have promised to be with us, and all are expecting a rich feast of good things.

Preparation and organization are necessary to effective work, yet we would most earnestly ask that every woman connected with our churches may be in prayer during these days of preparation, that the Holy Spirit, who is the Leader of all missionary work, may direct in all our plans. We need wisdom for the new year. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." We want more laborers. "Pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest." We want money for missionary work. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." We want great spiritual success to follow the work of our self-sacrificing teachers. "Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." We want power in every part of our work. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." The Lord himself must bless all our efforts, or every effort we make will be fruitless.

Will not the women of our local circles make special prayer that our president may have divine guidance as she presides at this, the twenty-second annual meeting of our society; that the secretary may bring words from the workers which will inspire those who hear, and that the treasurer may bring a message of helpfulness even from figures? May each State officer and each speaker be endowed with power from on high. We want many things in our Christian work, and our Christian lives, but we want, most of all,

the power of the indwelling Christ. May our meeting quicken indifferent hearts, and through our meeting may new life enter the churches of which we are members.

The Chinese and the Gospel.

DR. GRIFFITH JOHN says of a certain Chinese Christian that there was no difference between him and the Book; and in Foochow, a native preacher, whose wages were seventy-five cents a week, refused a Consular offer of \$50 a month because of his desire to preach the gospel to his countrymen.

It is said of Deacon Wang, a rice dealer, that his conscientiousness in shutting up his shop on Sunday, and in fair dealing, finally won the favor of his countrymen. He became rich through his honesty, and then retired from business, built a chapel, and preached in it every Sunday.

Yu He Hwoa, of Chefoo, was a violent-tempered man. He sold his wife and infant daughter for \$35. When he came to himself he was overwhelmed by a sense of his wickedness, and began upon a life of self-contending, and sought to rid himself of old superstitions; he did it relying on the divine help in Jesus Christ. He earned his living as a chair-carrier. Wherever he went he told of God's helpfulness.

There is no doubt about the vitality of Chinese Christianity. Lord Wolseley says that as regards staying quality the Chinese is one of the greatest races in the world. Some idea of the foothold Christianity has attained in China may be gathered from the statement that the Congregational churches in Boston—their stronghold—do not give so much to the American Board for missions as the Christians in China give to support the gospel in that empire; and the Celestial church-members outnumber those Boston churches three to one, and four thousand to spare.—*Triumphs of the Cross.*

Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; be pitiful, be courteous.—*1. Peter 3: 8.*

Christmas at Wood Island.



CHRISTMAS has always been a season of rejoicing at the Orphanage, and the last one was not an exception. It had been feared that the delay in receiving the mission boxes started from Boston would greatly interfere, but no sooner did our friends hear of the non-arrival of the expected boxes, than they set

to work in every way to assist. From Kadiak were sent rag dolls made and dressed especially for the occasion, ribbons, candy, nuts, apples, and cash, part of the last for the regular work of the Orphanage. Wood Island friends, unbeknown to us, circulated a subscription paper and raised twenty-nine dollars, in addition to gifts of candy and nuts, for the public entertainment at the church. To all these friends we extend our heartfelt thanks for their generous help and interest. Special thanks are due Mrs. H. C. Ostrom, of Kadiak, who on several occasions braved the winds and waves to come to assist in the music. It was a pleasure to have her preside at the organ.

The children had been drilling for some weeks on their recitations and songs, and on Saturday evening, December 23d, the church was well filled in honor of the occasion. The children did themselves credit in rendering the program, after which Santa Claus made a short visit and went on his way, promising to call again next year. An apple and a sack of candy, nuts, and raisins were given each one present (about one hundred and fifty), and a small present was given each child on the island. It has been the custom to have the mission children fare no better at the annual entertainment than the other children of the island.

Sunday was spent in the accustomed manner, Sunday school, and two church services being held in the church.

After the morning work was done on Monday, the children of the Orphanage were invited to the schoolroom, where stood a tree well loaded with presents for them from friends, workers, the orphanage, and one another. All fared well as shoes, stockings, caps, hoods, ribbons, mittens, handkerchiefs, etc., were distributed. The day was observed as a holiday, and a late dinner was served. Hardly had we risen from the table, when there was a cry of "Steamer, steamer!" and all were excited in a moment, for the mail steamer had been expected daily for more than two weeks. As she steamed by to enter Kadiak, we saw it was the small steamer *Golden Gate*, Captain Moore, which is carrying the mail this winter. She was delayed by rough weather and a broken propeller. About five o'clock a boat came from Kadiak with the mail, which was not the least enjoyable of our Christmas presents.

Tuesday the *Golden Gate* came to the Wood Island wharf for coal, and brought the long-looked-for mission boxes. On opening the boxes, among the many useful articles sent were found the never-failing presents from the Southington Mission Band. These were given to those for whom they were intended, Tuesday evening, and the fact that they arrived the day after Christmas did not make them the less enjoyable.

Many, many thanks to all who contributed to the contents of the boxes. A more desirable list of goods has never been sent.

C. P. COE.



HAVING but recently returned from a visit to Porto Rico, and having had the privilege not only of seeing the state of affairs in the seacoast cities, but also in the interior towns, and also of meeting with our representative at San Juan, and hearing from him relative to the religious outlook, a few words from me may be welcome.

The cry of Porto Rico to-day is a most piteous appeal to which the people of our land ought to give quick heed. Seldom, if ever, in the history of our generation has the Macedonian cry been uttered as it is to-day in that desolated land.

The cry of the people is for bread — bread for the body and bread for the soul.

The hurricane which swept the island last August, destroying the crops and annihilating the fruit-bearing trees, has left thousands of people utterly destitute. They know nothing about "providing for a rainy day." The meal about to be eaten is the only one which concerns them. The lesson of the ant and the bee they have never been taught. When the hurricane came, it, of course, found them unprepared, and there has been untold suffering ever since. The reports of starvation, in the press, are no exaggerations, in my opinion. I saw children suffering from lack of food — their bodies bloated and unnatural, their blood turned to water. This distress of the people ought to be met by our government at once. I am sure no one witnessing the human misery on that island, and remembering that it is a possession of our great country, but would blush in shame. I do not wonder at the increasingly indignant feeling of the people toward our government on account of its seemingly ungenerous and even unfriendly acts.

The Woman's Aid Society, of San Juan, is doing a wonderful work in relieving distress and providing employment for the worthy poor. The American women, principally the wives of leading officers of the army, are devoting themselves to this charity with most commendable spirit. It was a pleasure to see the gentle and tactful way in which they met and assisted the poor people.

The cry of the people for bread to feed their hungry souls is an equally urgent one. I doubt if ever a more promising field opened before the missionary of the cross in the interior towns and the cities on the southern side of the island the field is white to the harvest. This seems to be particularly true of Ponce, where Rev. Mr. Rudd and his wife and Mrs. Duggan are working. Their work is being wonderfully blessed of God. This I know from Rev. Mr. McCormick, our representative at San Juan, and also from members of our party who spent a Sunday at Ponce. They said the success at Ponce was great indeed. The need there is a building suitable for their rapidly increasing numbers. There is a woeful lack of means and workers, and this seems especially sad in view of the unusually favorable opportunity for religious work.

How far the rising tide of feeling against the United States, and the growing sentiment in the island that the professions of good-will were insincere, may affect religious work we cannot tell. (Rev.) W. B. C. MERRY.

*Within a few weeks the United States Government has returned to Porto Rico all money received through the Dingley tariff, amounting to over \$200,000, to be in public works for the relief of the people. In addition the whole of the Dingley tariff rates, less 15%, have been removed, which 15% is to be returned to Porto Rico to be used for the support of the government there. The people need immediate help, but under this generous treatment, in the near future they will be able to care for themselves.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., April 3, 1900.

WE frequently enter the neatly furnished rooms of our Chinese class, and see gathered about the tables boys of various ages, from primary grade to mature manhood, and, as we pass around to shake hands with them, we notice the sincere respect with which we are greeted by all, for both Christian and heathen, old and young, respect the friends of the Mission. They are fast coming to realize that the intense opposition to Chinese on the Pacific slope comes not from the Christian portion of the population.

The visit of Lee To during the winter was a great boon to both missionaries and pupils; his beautiful example and hearty encouragement gave

impetus to the work. He emphasized the difference between the treatment the Chinese receive from the world's people and the kindness with which the Christians treat them, and I find this a valuable distinction, as a Chinaman fails to make it of himself unless he comes in contact with a good missionary; otherwise he goes back to China thinking that all America is cruel and unjust, and he can do more harm to our missions in China for having been in America.

Lee To just enthused the class with a desire to work for Christ, and, when he left us for other duties, several of the Christian boys were anxious to give all their time (save just enough to earn their sustenance) to study and preparation for the Master's service. There is no doubt in the minds of those conversant with this work that such a man as Lee To could do an immense amount of work here, and use well his entire energies. Would that our Board might see the way to make this expenditure!

It is very pleasing to note the interest the boys show in each other's advancement. Don Yep, who is well advanced, goes around to the pupils explaining their lessons in Chinese, and the patience with which he goes over and over again through the lessons shows how much Jesus has done for him, for patience was not one of his original virtues. His smoothly shaven face and large shining eyeglasses give us the feeling that we have a veritable D. D. before us.

Our missionary is doing a great work for these pupils; she seeks to meet every need, whether spiritual, literary, or

musical. I have caught the same deep interest in them that I had for the poor duped slaves of the Mormon priesthood. As I found in my experience with Mormonism that one could not understand the tremendous grasp with which a sinful religion could hold its adherents, so I learn the tenacity with which these poor heathen are held by satanic superstition. Sometimes they may see just what a dear Saviour we have, and recognize the "great love wherewith He hath loved us," but fear to reject their idols. After the death of a woman with whom Miss Wilsie had labored faithfully, I said: "Do you feel that she accepted Christ as her Saviour?" Her answer was: "Let us hope so; she knew all about Him and wanted to be a Christian, but she had always loved her idols so and feared to throw them aside." There is something pathetic in the way they cling to them, for they have hoped in them with such surety.

I have been deeply impressed with the patient spirit with which the Christians endure the ill usage of the Chinese haters. They say very little, and keep a pleasant face. A few evenings ago one left his bicycle in an entry, and the bad boys came in and runned the tires by deep knife cuts. When I said a word of sympathy to him, he said: "We no mind; it velly bad, allee samee." Of course it is useless to attempt to bring the offender to justice here.

MRS. J. C. ANDREWS.

Rev. Mr. Andrews is pastor of the Immanuel Church in Sacramento, and Mrs. Andrews is working with her accustomed zeal in our Chinese Mission.



CHINESE WOMAN IN CALIFORNIA.

TO take Thy yoke? It is to walk
Forever with the Lord; to talk
With Him in converse sweet and pure;
To know the path of life is sure
Beneath my feet; to let Him bear
The whole, not half, my load of care;
To be held steady, lest I slip;
To have His hand dash from the lip
Each dangerous draught; with Him to work,
And so keep fair through all the muck
And sin of this bad world; His friend
To be, and He mine unto the end;
And then to walk with Him in white,
Worthy to tread the halls of light.
Thine easy yoke? I humbly kneel—
Let me Thy fastening fingers feel;
Then let me rise, henceforth to be
A true yoke-fellow, Lord, with Thee!

—Helen A. Howell

Chinese Baptist Church.

THE following item was clipped from a Butte, Montana, paper. It is quite a victory for the Chinese to be noticed by the papers.

"The new Chinese Baptist Church was dedicated Dec. 6, 1899. The Chinese congregation of Baptists in this city numbers nearly fifty, and this fall it was agreed to build for themselves a comfortable little house of worship. The house is in West Mercury Street, near Colorado, and is a plain frame affair, neatly furnished with chairs, pulpit, stove, and lights. It will comfortably seat about 150. Last night State Missionary L. G. Clark, of the Baptist church, Rev. J. E. Notsinger, of the First Baptist Church, of this city, and several other members of the church, including ladies, participated in the dedicatory service. The Rev. Mr. Clark preached the sermon. Hum Ep delivered the address of welcome.

Dedication Address.

Dear Friends: It is a great pleasure to me this evening to extend to you, as best I can, the words of greeting which come from the hearts of my countrymen. We come to-night to bid you welcome to our new home; it is a time of gladness to us.

For some time past we have been looking to God for a permanent place where this work could be carried on more successfully among our people. We felt sure that He would not disappoint us. The burden was laid upon us to buy a lot and build a house better suited for this work. It seemed a great task, but we knew that God delights to use us, though we be weak, and is able to make all things abound so that His work may prosper. We looked to Him to overcome all difficulties. We brought the matter before our classmates, and with one accord they said: "We are ready to help with our prayers, our labor, and our money." Many made free-will offerings, and scarcely one of our countrymen but has given something to assist in building a house for God's work.

And with your offerings, my dear friends, with the help of the church with whom we are associated, and also of some far away who love to see God's kingdom established, we are able to meet together to-night in our new chapel, and dedicate it to the Father of all, from whom all blessings flow. We believe God is still working just the same as if we saw the moving pillar of cloud and flame with us.

One of our greatest missionaries was laughed at for his idea of taking the gospel to China; and when he got to Canton he had to sit down outside the gates for twenty-five years before he saw a single soul brought to Christ. But the fruit of the seed he has sown is waving over many mission stations to-day, and thousands of redeemed souls are singing praises to God for Morrison's practical service of faith and love. But it was not enough that you should go to China's land to bring the lost ones into the fold. His hand was laid upon us, though we understood it not, and your gates were opened to us. Providence led us to step upon your shores. It was His voice which spoke to

you, and bade you feed us, hungering and thirsting for God's love, with the fullness of His grace.

We entered the schools and churches opened to us, and the results have been thousands more led to the fountain of life. We would not remain idle, but would go on, carrying the story of the cross to our race. While many scoff at us, we know that Jesus, too, was wrongfully treated. Though sometimes persecuted by our dearest friends, we remember He bore it all. And as we return to our dear land we would carry the blessed news of salvation through a dear Saviour's name.

We will never forget those who have given us a friendly hand and shown a Christlike spirit, as we go on witnessing to many hearts who have never heard the wonderful story. And, oh, the joy there will be by and by, as we bring the trophies won for Jesus and lay them at His feet, to realize that you have had a part, too, in winning China's millions for Him. May the Lord always help us in this work as He has helped, and may we ever keep our eyes on Christ.

Two Scenes.

By Rev. Henry P. Cutler,

Missionary of the American Sunday School Union, and Superintendent of Chinese Work.

IT was night. We were making arrangements to open our evening school at the Chinese mission. Yip Yon, the interpreter, came in and said that Mrs. W— F—, the wife of a Chinese merchant living across the way, had died that morning, and that those in charge desired a Christian funeral service that evening in the house, before the body was removed. It is one of the peculiarities of the Chinese not to allow a dead body to remain in the house over night.

I followed my guide, the interpreter, and, armed with a New Testament and some hymn books, crossed the street, passed through a dimly lighted hallway, and then entered the door of a tenement and climbed three flights of rickety stairs to the fourth story where the family resided.

We proceeded at once to arrange for the humble service. The husband of the departed was called, and several others came in, mostly middle-aged men. There were present three Americans and nine Chinese. The husband was apparently broken-hearted. He sobbed most of the time we were there. He was married in China twenty years ago, then came to America, and about two years ago returned for his wife. She died from heart failure, and passed away very suddenly, so that her death was a shock to him.

We sang at the opening of the service, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." I then read the first part of the fourteenth chapter of John, which was repeated, verse by verse, in Chinese by the interpreter. A short address was then made in English, and interpreted, in which I gave the gospel faith and hope, followed by some kind words of comfort and counsel. The interpreter also spoke to them in Chinese. I offered prayer in English, and Yip Yon followed in Chinese. The service closed by singing, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." Several of the Chinese joined

in singing the hymns which we selected for this impromptu service.

We then went to the bereaved husband, gave him the hand of sympathy, and spoke some kind words. Before we left, the undertaker was on hand to remove the body to his rooms, where he would keep it until the day of burial.

The reason why the Chinese have the body removed from the house so soon after death, is the superstitious fear of "the last enemy" held by those that are heathen. They look upon the devil as the cause of sickness and death, and seem to think that where the dead are, or have been, he is sure to be. They will not occupy a room where a person has died, if they know it.

It was noon. The adults who die among the Chinese are kept till the following Monday, and are buried at that hour. The invited guests had been taken to the undertaker's room, and the procession of eleven coaches was formed which followed the remains to Mount Hope Cemetery.

On arriving there, and after the interment of the remains, the Chinese had a burial service, according to their heathen customs. As they are without a priest, the service was simple. Their custom is for those younger than the deceased to take part in the ceremony. Those who have not renounced heathenism were the ones who participated. First, a roast pig, a roast goose, and a roast chicken were placed on the grave, then different kinds of liquor were poured out, and paper money was burned. The Chinese then kneel around the grave, and worship the dead, beseeching her, in Chinese, to accept the offering they give, and expressing the hope that it will be all-sufficient to meet her needs. Lucky money, wrapped in red paper, is then passed around to all present, and they wend their way homeward.

Such a scene took place recently in Christian America. Do you wonder that the interpreter, who was one of the four who would not worship the dead, said: "Foolish! foolish! for all there was in the grave was the dead body of the lady."

We are glad that we had a chance to show some of these poor, deluded people a more excellent way, and also trust that our influence, and the influence of those Christians who refused to bow and worship the dead, may be potent for good, and may be the means of bringing many others out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan into God.

BAPTIST CHINESE MISSION,
FRESNO, CAL., April 1, 1900.

THE work among the women has been of unusual interest. In the schoolroom there is nearly always manifest a desire on the part of some of the pupils to lead better lives. Frequently, in our prayer-meetings and other religious services, the Spirit's presence is very manifest. There were several baptisms early last spring, some of them being pupils long connected with the school. In addition to this, they have, among their own people, with me, raised over eighty dollars toward the improvement of our building. Each year they send something directly to China to help spread the gospel among their own people. They pay for the lights in our school, and for all literature used in our Sunday school. We have had no outside helper, but one of our number, Yee Chau, has

proven very helpful to his people. He is humble, given to much prayer, and a lover of the Word. He has remained in the school, giving such help as he can, and preaching on the streets and in the stores, for more than a year, on a living of ten, and often seven dollars per month. The young people of our church provide the seven dollars. During this time he has had several positions as cook offered him, at \$35 and board per month. His faith has been severely tested at times. Once, when he had been cooking and had stopped for a time in order to attend school and study his Bible, he was asked to go to cook for a Baptist family, then lately from the East. He said he wanted to go to school, but he would go and cook for these people and take less wages than he got at the other place, because this man was a brother in Christ, and, coming to a new place, ought to be helped. Here he worked hard,

not finding conveniences, as in older homes. He lent the man the little money he had put away, and worked part of the time on credit. Imagine how he felt when, after some time, he was dismissed, and received neither wages nor the money he had lent. He held two little due bills 'tis true, with the man's name on them, and came to me later, saying: "American law is very strange. Why a man owe money; not have much and not want to pay, he give all his property to his wife and she say she don't owe money." All this took place nearly or quite five years ago. I have never heard Yee Chau speak unkindly of these people, but I have heard him praying for them. They may really intend to pay this debt, but after Yee Chau is in heaven he will not need it. Pray for us.

S. E. STEIN.



CHINESE GIRLS IN SACRAMENTO.



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial Notes.



REMEMBER the May meetings at Detroit, beginning May 23d, and continuing about six days. The program of the Home Mission Society is of unusual interest. Dr. Moseley, missionary at Santiago, Cuba, and Rev. H. P. McCormick, of San Juan, Porto Rico, will address the Society. They will be heard with deepest interest.

AGAIN, we suggest that churches not only give their pastors leave of absence for a week to attend the Anniversaries, but pay their expenses in going. A church will be enriched in the future ministrations of its pastor who attends the Anniversaries, and catches the inspiration of the occasion, and gets a clearer and wider view of the progress of the Kingdom. Let some enterprising spirit in each church quietly gather special gifts to "surprise" the pastor, by providing for his expenses to Detroit.

PLEASE NOTE THIS: "Any Baptist church in union with the denomination may appoint a delegate for an annual contribution of ten dollars, and an additional delegate for each additional thirty dollars. Fifty dollars shall be requisite to constitute a member for life." These are the constitutional terms of membership in the American Baptist Home Mission Society. What church cannot be thus represented? Contributing churches are requested to appoint members who expect to attend the May Meetings as delegates to the meetings of the Society.

PROBABLY Rev. Samuel Haskell, D. D., is the oldest surviving missionary of the Society, of former days, in Michigan. For three years, from 1852-55, he was missionary pastor of the church at Kalamazoo. No man in the State is held in higher honor by his brethren. It will be a pleasure to meet him at the Anniversaries.

In looking over the list of missionaries of the Home Mission Society in Michigan, there appears the following: "Henry L. Morehouse; East Saginaw, 1865-67, two years and six months." It was his first pastorate after leaving the Seminary. He remained there over eight years. At that time the young city in the heart of the salt and lumber districts was one of the wickedest in the West.

THE new buildings of Virginia Union University are to be dedicated May 17th, when most interesting exercises are expected. Among those who have been invited to speak are: Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education; Dr. Curry, Agent of the Peabody and Slater Funds; Dr. Tupper, of Philadelphia; Stephen Greene, Esq., President, and the Corresponding Secretary and Field Secretary of the Society.

UNLESS gifts are speedily received for the Gift Fund of the Church Edifice Department of the Society its work in that line will have to be almost suspended. This would be an inexpressible calamity. On an average a gift of \$400 will secure the erection of a neat meeting-house, worth from \$2,000 to \$2,500, in a Western mission field. You give one dollar, and it stimulates others to give four or five times as much. Is not this a good investment?

REVIVAL of business prosperity does not seem to be attended with marked increase of offerings for our missionary enterprises. Are these things of Christ the first to feel retrenchment in times of adversity, and the last to share in returning prosperity? Or, have many of our people got into the habit of giving a fixed sum to these objects, irrespective of their own prosperity or of the needs of the work? Surely a reformation is needed somewhere.

THE Home Mission Society closes the year with a deficit of about \$30,000.

Falling into Line.

THE new method of the Home Mission Society, in asking Sunday schools and young people's societies to make their offerings for home missions at the same time as the church offerings are made, is being received with much favor. It is very gratifying to get checks from church treasurers like the following: "Enclosed please find \$87, of which \$69.50 is from the church collection, \$10.33 from the Sunday school, and \$6.27 from the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor."

That looks well, sounds well, is well; the whole church household working together at the same time for the same thing. The American Baptist Home Mission Society hopes to have hundreds of Sunday schools and young people's societies in its list of contributors every year.

Home Mission Echoes

9

A New Feature in Our Western Work.



FROM many quarters in the West urgent calls have repeatedly come to the society for special evangelistic work of the best sort, both in the establishment of new interests and in the resuscitation of others that had become weak and inefficient. While superintendents of missions and general missionaries do more or less work of this kind, yet their duties are so varied and numerous and taxing, that they can rarely devote more than a few days to a locality; whereas, sometimes three or four weeks of earnest evangelistic work is required to accomplish desired results. Moreover, some general missionaries, who are excellent managers of State work, have small evangelistic gifts; while others who have such gifts do not possess other qualities needed for these purposes. More than a mere evangelist is also needed. A sagacious counsellor; a courageous man who will grapple with difficulties; a man with business tact and skill in getting not only the church, but the community, to give for the erection and the improvement of houses of worship, and to pay off troublesome church debts, etc., is greatly needed. The frequent change of pastors, as well as the changeable elements in many Western churches, call for spiritual reinforcement in periods of distress.

Furthermore, not only such a *man* is needed, and one who with other gifts is a good singer, but a *wife* also who has power in song, and who is in hearty sympathy with him in this work. A rare combination, indeed.

Providentially, as it seems, God has given us two such workers as these, whose varied talents, whose well-known character, whose successful work, and whose enthusiastic, vigorous natures, thoroughly consecrated to Christ, have already enabled them to accomplish remarkable results since their appointment by the society, last fall. They are Rev. F. L. Rozelle and wife, of Chadron, Neb. They take counsel of Rev. N. B. Rairden, D. D., Superintendent of Missions, in whose field and under whose general direction they work. During the three months ending March 31st, Brother Rozelle labored at Sheridan, Wyoming; Billings, Livingston, and Bozeman, Montana; preaching ninety-eight sermons, as a result of which seventy-nine members were added to the churches; fifty-two of these by baptism. At Sheridan he secured a lot for a parsonage, leaving the church with a stronger hold on the community than ever before. At Bozeman the conversion of a Roman Catholic woman led also to the conversion of her husband. The effective preaching of Brother Rozelle and their persuasive singing of gospel hymns attract large audiences and produce a profound impression. There is almost an illimitable field for their labors; indeed, the society is considering whether it shall not extend this feature of its work.

Just as these lines were penned, comes a letter from Rev. M. L. Rickman, pastor of the Bozeman church, who says: "The interest increases with every service. The work means a great deal more to our church than I can express. Our people have been discouraged. The pastor

struggled hard, and our people were afraid of an evangelist; but when I told them that Mr. and Mrs. Rozelle were appointed by the American Baptist Home Mission Society they were glad to have them come. I think that the Home Mission Society has solved a difficult problem for the mission churches of the West."

Transformation of the West—A Typical Case.



O you and the brethren east of the mountains, I know the slowness of the numerical growth oftentimes becomes discouraging. Many times unbiblical wells up the question, Is this work of God? But success is not to be measured by numbers alone. It requires a careful watching of the dial to discover that the earth moves, yet it moves at rapid pace none the less, and never goes backward. So with this work, every step gained will stand forever. I look back to the beginning of my seven years' work on this field, comparing the now with the then, and I am made to exclaim, What hath God wrought!

Could you, my brethren, have a glimpse backward from the eminence I occupy, you would see the coarseness, vulgarity, and infidelity of one common mining camp, surely yielding to the moral influences set in motion by the missionary, as the snow on our mountain peaks yields to the growing warmth of the springtime sun. You would now see churches where once the brothel stood. Without Sabbath law, and yet the Sabbath steadily growing in popular favor. A few years ago, gambling of the most detestable character went on every hour of the day and night, before the very door of the house of worship, in every public place, everywhere. Through it robbery of the most shameful kind was perpetrated, with no arm of the law to restrain. We now have a strong anti-gambling law, vigorously enforced. Seven years ago we could not get a Sabbath law introduced by a single member of either branch of our Legislature. Two years ago we were very near getting one passed, and have strong hopes of succeeding this coming winter. Dear brethren, these are only a few of the nows and thens. Its value cannot be measured by numbers gained alone; nor by dollars expended, nor by the sweat drops, tears, and unutterable groanings of the men of God and the women of God who have given and are giving their lives to this noble work. Eternity alone can reveal the magnitude, the inestimable value of this work, made possible by the prayers and contributions of the consecrated men and women who hold up the arms of the representatives of our noble mission societies in the East. God bless them!

REV. D. M. McREYNOLDS.

Nampa, Idaho.

Lo! amid the press,

The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garments sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

Oklahoma News and Notes.



N about ten years the Territory of Oklahoma which, in 1889, was a "waste howling wilderness," has become a populous country of about 400,000 souls. Oklahoma City has a population of about 15,000; is substantially built, has many good residences, is the railroad centre for three large lines, has the best kind of a school system, and indeed is one of the marvels of American development out of an uninhabited prairie.

Such rapid development has necessitated the most liberal expenditure possible, and the most energetic effort for the occupation of the important centres. Into Oklahoma the Society has put \$76,325.15 chiefly for missionary purposes, and \$14,018.90 for church edifice work. It has aided in the erection of 45 meeting-houses, generally tasteful in appearance, commodious and creditable to the cities where they are located. The Baptist church in Oklahoma City has the best location, an excellent house, a talented pastor, and, with a membership of 225, is a power in the city and Territory. Other churches are rapidly attaining to self-support.

The denominational outlook in Oklahoma was never so bright as to-day. The conference at Oklahoma City, March 8, 1900, between five representatives of the Home Mission Society and five from the Home Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, and five from each of the two Baptist Conventions in the Territory, resulted most happily in the adjustment of differences that had existed, and will soon lead to the union of both bodies on a new basis. Both the Home Mission Society and the Home Board will cooperate with the new Convention in the prosecution of missionary work therein. New demands are continually arising. A new railroad line, of about 200 miles in length, is soon to be built. The society has always been prompt to seize promising points along new railroads, its wisdom in so doing being highly commended by those who have had opportunity of seeing what has been accomplished.

Rev. Philip Cook reports that in February he visited 200 Cheyenne families, and made 600 personal visits among these Indians. Such personal and house-to-house work is the kind of seed-sowing that will surely bring harvests in the future.

THE West is developing with astonishing rapidity. It is announced that Tacoma and Seattle are to be supplied with electric light and power in quantity equal to that from the Niagara Falls tunnel for Buffalo and vicinity. It will come from the utilization of the Snoqualmie Falls, about twenty-two miles from these cities. The large volume of water has a vertical fall of 270 feet. The power-house will be hewn out of the solid rock, 250 feet beneath the crest of the fall, where immense water-wheels will connect with generators, from which electricity will be transmitted by wire to the cities. Fifty years hence, mighty cities, centres of enormous commercial enterprises with the Orient, will rival some of the cities of the Atlantic. It behooves us, therefore, to make haste in firmly establishing Christian institutions at these centres of power.

News and Notes from Indian Territory.

R ECENTLY there has been a great religious revival in Indian Territory, in which twenty-three students confessed Christ. President Scott was assisted in some special services by Rev. Mr. Stubblefield, General Missionary for the Territory. Such results seldom are known in secular schools under State control. Thus this Christian school is a missionary agency of the highest order.

Indian University is sorely in need of an additional building for the accommodation of students and for other purposes. It ought to have \$15,000 for this purpose at once.

The conference at South McAlisterville, I. T., March 6th to 8th, between representatives of the Home Mission Society, of the Home Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, and of the two Territorial Conventions, for the purpose of unification of Baptists in the Territory, was one long to be remembered by those who participated in it. The grace of God at last triumphed over all obstacles, and not only every one of the twenty members of the conference, but others who were present as interested witnesses, heartily approved of the conclusions reached. There will be but one Convention after next September. Officers of the new body will be taken fairly from both existing Conventions, and unitedly our forces will move forward to possess that fair country for Christ.

Probably no man in the Territory is so well known or more highly esteemed than Rev. J. S. Murrow, D. D., of Atoka. For more than a generation he has labored to bring the Indians to Christ. They love him as a father, and he loves them as his children. He has earnestly sought to have all Baptists, of whatever tribe or nation, whether their former affiliations had been with northern or southern organizations, united in one Convention. Rather than become an instrumentality for organized divisions, he resigned his position as missionary of the Home Mission Board in Atlanta, which wished him to organize a Convention auxiliary to that body. By some his motive and attitude were misunderstood, and he was subjected to misrepresentation. He lives to witness the desired unification, and rejoices greatly at the brighter outlook for our cause in the Territory. His fervent plea still is: "Remember the 20,000 full-blood Indians in this Territory, so many of whom are still in darkness."

The Church Edifice work of the Home Mission Society in Indian Territory has been quite conspicuous. There is hardly a city or village of note along the several railway lines that has not an attractive and commodious Baptist meeting-house, erected through assistance rendered by the society. Fifty-two meeting-houses thus built by grants amounting to about \$20,000, attest the value of this right arm of strength in our missionary operations in new fields. It is stated that the Home Mission Society is the only organization that has aided in the erection of Baptist meeting-houses in Indian and Oklahoma Territories, where nearly one hundred stand as testimonies of its activity.

Early Missionary Experiences in Indian Territory.

IN the *Twin Territories*, a journal published at Muskogee, I. T., Rev. J. S. Murrow relates some of his early experiences in the work in which he has been engaged for more than forty years. He went to the Territory Nov. 10, 1857. He says:

"At that time the Indian Territory was an unknown country. There were no railroads west of the Mississippi River. We had been told that the Indians were savages; that they lived in wigwams; that, with the exception of Brother Buckner and family, there would be no congenial society, and that our food would consist chiefly of parched corn and bear meat. Of course we did not credit all this.

"The first night we stopped at Skullyville, in the Choctaw Nation, and were surprised to find a comfortable hotel and plenty of good food. Knowing nothing of pioneer life, nor of the road ahead, I failed to provide lunch for the next day. After travelling all day, in a chilly, drizzling rain, hungry, cold, and wet, we were glad to stop after dark at the camp-fire of an Indian and a negro from the Creek Nation.

"As I lifted my young wife from the wagon, I kissed her, whereupon she called my attention to two large Indian boys in the shadows, laughing and imitating me in the kissing act. Indian husbands rarely kiss their wives.

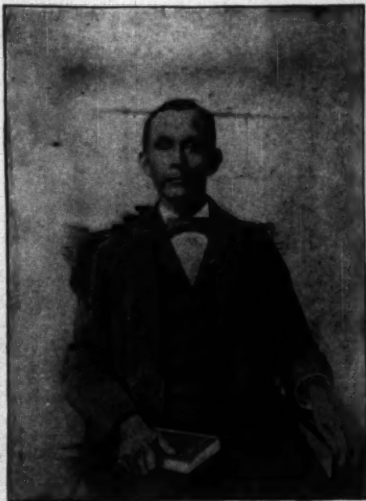
"For supper we were given some corn bread and jerked beef broiled on the coals. Being very hungry, I thought it about the sweetest food I had ever eaten. After supper we were furnished some buffalo robes, and with our own blankets we made a comfortable bed on the ground by the fireside. But, though weary, for a long while I dared not sleep. I was afraid those Indian boys might kill me and take my young wife. Finally, however, I dismissed my foolish fears, looking unto Him who never slumbers or sleeps, fully assured that He would protect me and mine. The next day we reached North Fork town, and were welcomed by Mrs. Buckner. Brother Buckner had gone to Kentucky, and had left word that I should take charge of the mission until his return. This was a great responsibility for so young a man, not yet twenty-three years old and without experience.

"When I came into the Indian mission there were six Baptist churches among the Creeks. One of these was the Second Took-a-bat-che church. The leader was Jacky-Lah-ney, 'Yellow Jack.' He was a negro, and his wife Lucy was one of those early Christians whom the Creeks had publicly whipped for becoming a Christian.

Once she bared her back and showed me the great welts she had received. At this church I performed my first marriage ceremony. Two elderly Indian church-members desired to be married according to the Christian white people's way. They stood before me, and a large crowd of Indians, full of curious interest, looked on. I explained the importance and the sacredness of the marriage relation; then I asked them to join hands. The man could speak broken English. I asked him the usual question—if he took the woman he held by the hand to be his lawful wife, and, if leaving all others, he would cleave to her only as long as they both should live? His reply nearly upset me. 'Yes, Bludder Mullow, I does. Long time I been huntin' one ooman to cook my pot, and I couldn't find him.

Now dis ole ooman say he cook my pot, and I mighty glad. Yes, sir, I tek 'im for my wife for true and dank God.'

"I turned to the woman and asked her like questions. I had observed that she was very thoughtful during the Bible reading and my remarks upon the sacredness of the marriage relation. She replied through an interpreter, 'I heard what the Book says about marriage. My heart tells me that is right; but I have heard that this old man beat his other wife and 'bused her. Now, I have concluded that I will marry him for awhile and try him. If he treats me right I will remain with him; but if he beats me I will leave him, sure. The Bible does not say a man may beat his wife, does it?' I have performed the marriage ceremony for Indians hundreds of times since, and some of the experiences have been almost as interesting as this first."



REV. ADAM LACIE,
Cherokee Missionary.

Thy Kingdom.

THIS missionary prayer is found in the litany of the Moravian Church, and is used every Sabbath in the morning service: "Thou Light and Desire of all nations, watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea; prosper the endeavors of all Thy servants to spread Thy gospel among all nations; accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement with demonstration of the Spirit and of power; bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen; keep them as the apple of Thine eye; have mercy on Thy ancient covenant people, the Jews; deliver them from their blindness; and bring all nations to the saving knowledge of Thee. Let the seed of Israel praise the Lord; yea, let all the nations praise Him. Give to Thy people open doors to preach the gospel, and set them to Thy praise on earth. Amen."

SCANDINAVIANS.—There are no more vigorous and devoted Christians than the Scandinavian Baptists of this country, who now number nearly or quite 25,000. Rev. Andrew Swartz, of Sioux Falls, says the work in South Dakota is very encouraging, fifty-two having been received into the Daneville church; the church in Sun Prairie is erecting a house of worship to cost \$2,000; the Bloomingdale church, "a brave and self-sacrificing little band," has decided to become self-supporting; the church at Strondburg is building a house to cost about \$1,800;

olic superstition. Oh, how badly we need some Spanish-speaking Baptist home missionaries to work among these Mexicans in Colorado!"

Items From Missionaries' Letters.

THE WEST.—At Palouse, Wash., Rev. S. W. Gage reports decided progress. During the past quarter he preached eighty sermons, an average of six per week. Part of the time he was on a missionary tour to "the regions beyond" in the Great Bend country. As an



Group of Cheyenne Indians at the dedication of Watonga Chapel, with Buffalo Meat in foreground.

and the church at Sioux Falls is improving its house of worship. Joyfully he exclaims: "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

Smallpox and Salvation.

A STRANGE superstition is that which prevails among the Mexican Roman Catholics in the Southwest, as stated by Rev. G. L. Boroughs, of Monte Vista, Colorado, who, in writing of the prevalence of smallpox in the community, says:

"The Mexicans brought it here. Strange to say; they are anxious to get it, and will rush into it if they have an opportunity. They believe if they die of smallpox they are sure of heaven. If they do not die, but are marked by it, they have the mark of salvation. So much for Cath-

instance of the devotion of some of his church-members, he states that two members who are day laborers give to the support of the church \$75 each, and three others \$50 each.

JAPANESE.—Rev. F. Okazaki, missionary to the Japanese in Seattle, Wash., says: "The Lord has been blessing our work and we are much encouraged. Our house for the boarding department is in very good condition; we have now about thirty Japanese. We hold a prayer-meeting every morning at our home. The day and night school is going on very nicely. The Lord is sending us Baptist teachers, both for the day and night work. We have now about sixty Japanese in our class, and through the teachers' influence many boys are interested in their spiritual welfare. The number of Japanese is increasing every month."



Our Girls.



Blossom and Bird Time.

O BLOSSOMS that hang like winter,
 Drifted upon the trees,
 O birds that sing in the blossoms,
 O blossom-haunting bees.
 O green, green leaves of the branches,
 O shadowy dark below,
 O cool of the aisles of orchards,
 Woods that the wild flowers know:
 O air of gold and perfume,
 Wind, breathing sweet, and sun,
 O sky of perfect azure,—
 Day, Heaven, and Earth in one!

—William Dean Howells.

Chinese Gift-Making.

IT seems but a little time since we gathered together facts for our December, 1899, ECHOES exercise, "Christmas and the Chinese," but, according to the topical arrangement, we are again considering the yellow-skinned people, with the shining black queues and the odd-shaped eyes. The gift, at the Christmas season, of two boxes of fine Chinese tea, two cans of China lychees, and two healthy bulbs of Chinese lilies, brought to mind the curious Chinese custom in regard to presents.

A special delight is taken in remembering friends on festival occasions, and it is said that in China a single present is never given, but always two. If more than two are bestowed, there is always an even number, and they are arranged in pairs by some similarity. We judge from

what we know of the Chinese habit in America that this is the prevailing custom here.

The China lychees, of which we have spoken, and which are on sale in some of the large cities, are identical with the pretty brown nuts which the Chinamen in our laundries frequently give away, and whose brittle, knotty-looking shells contain something very like raisins with good-sized stones. In their fresh state they resemble large and luscious strawberries. Canned, they are very white and sweet.

How the Chinamen Called.

TWO strips of scarlet paper, 9 1-2 by 4 1-2 inches long, folded lengthwise and then doubled,—upon each, three huge Chinese characters, and at the head of one, "Chin Hung," at the head of the other, "Chin Hong." These were the enclosures of an envelope brought by the postman during the last days of January. A brief consideration convinced us they were the New Year's cards of the Chinamen named, and were intended to be taken as calls of the season. The Chinese New Year occurs about a month later than ours, and so, as we looked at the gay bits of paper, the holiday spirit seemed to linger late in the opening year. Chin Kee and others of whom we have previously written are now away from our city, and those who have taken their places are equally glad of Christian teaching and friendly counsel.

How many of our girls are familiar with the origin of New Year's visits? The custom was introduced into the United States by the Dutch. What a pity that the indulgence in the social glass has in too many cases made the day one of revelry, instead of a time of pleasant hospitality and mutual enjoyment and benefit.

The ancient salutation of the Dutch was this:

"I wish you a happy New Year!
 Long may you live!
 Much may you give!
 Happy may you die!
 And Heaven be yours
 By and by."

This pleasant filial custom prevails in China. On New Year's morning every man and boy in the celestial empire, from the emperor to the lowest peasant, is supposed to visit his mother, carrying her a present, and expressing his gratitude to her for all she has done for him. An element besides the devotion of child to parent enters into this visit, viz.: the national superstition connected with their peculiar belief in ancestral worship.

Our Little folks.



What I Asked a Little Boy.

DID you ever go to Put-Off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumble-down,
And everything tannies, and everything drags,
With its dirty streets, and people in rags?

On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait,
And his two little boys, named Linger and Late;
With unclean hands, and wadded hair,
And a naughty little sister, named Don't Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town,
With her two little daughters, named Fret and Frown;
And Old Man Lazy lives all alone
Around the corner on Street Postpone.

Did you ever go to Put-off Town
To play with the little girls Fret and Frown,
Or go to the home of Old Man Wait,
And whistle for his boys to come to the gate

To play all day in Tarry Street,
Leaving your errands for other feet?
To stop, or shirk, or linger, or frown,
Is the nearest way to this old town.

— Current Literature.

CLOSE by three-year-old Marjorie's home lived the pastor of one of our city churches. One day, as was her custom, the little girl busied herself by watching the minister's callers as they came and went.

"Who is it?" asked her auntie, as she noticed the interested look upon Marjorie's baby face.

"It's just a preacher man."

"And what does he preach about?" queried Aunt Clara.

"Oh, all about God and money," answered the little one, with a toss of her curly head.

Right you were, my girlie, for the guest proved to be the Bible Society agent, and the very next day he told about his work in the great congregation — and, of course, he asked for money to carry it on.

And this is the way the unsaved millions of the world will be brought to Christ. They will never know the truths of God's Holy Word unless missionaries and teachers go and tell them; and these "preacher" men and women can never go unless the Christians give the

money to send them out. How much will our Baptist children of New England help this year?

II.

(A Dialogue for Two Boys and Two Girls.)

FIRST BOY.

If you were a Chinese boy,
How would you dress and wear your hair,
And what would you do to make us stare,
If you were a Chinese boy?

SECOND BOY.

If I were a Chinese boy,
I'd dress in a blouse, with wooden shoes,
And wear my hair in the cutest of queues;
I'd play with a kite like a dragon queer,
And eat things you never heard of here,
If I were a Chinese boy.

FIRST GIRL.

If you were a Chinese girl,
What would you do through the long, long day?
What would you wear, and what would you say,
If you were a Chinese girl?

SECOND GIRL.

If I were a Chinese girl,
I'd wear a dress like my mother's own,
And the smallest shoes that ever were known;
For my poor little feet would be squeezed, you know,
And bandaged tight, so they couldn't grow.
When cold the day, on the bed I'd sit —
The queer brick bed, with a fire 'neath it.
I'd cut queer figures in paper red,
And burn them, too, when my prayers I said;
And incense sticks I would burn before
The idol gods I would have to adore,
While mumbling the prayer words o'er and o'er.
These things I'd do, yes, and many more,
If I were a Chinese girl.

FIRST BOY.

If you were a Chinese boy,
What would you do when you grew a man?
Tell me now, for I think you can,
How would you like it if you could plan
To turn to a Chinese boy?

SECOND BOY.

If I were a Chinese boy,
I'd have to study the hardest books,
And learn queer letters with curves and crooks,
And then, when a man, I'd have to do
Whatever the emperor told me to,
And maybe never learn anything new,
But still go on in the old, old ways,
And the idol worship all my days,
If I were a Chinese boy.

FIRST GIRL.

If you were a Chinese girl,
Would you live very happily, do you think?
Would you know much more than to eat and drink,
If you were a Chinese girl?

SECOND GIRL.

If I were a Chinese girl,
I'd often be thought in the way, I know,
And day by day I should older grow,
With none to care if I nothing learned,
While my daily rice with pains I earned,
And so I might live in the darkness sad,
With nothing at all to make me glad,
If I were a Chinese girl.

FIRST BOY AND GIRL (together).

Are you glad you are not Chinese?

SECOND BOY AND GIRL (together).

Oh, yes! we are glad in our hearts to-day
That we live where the gospel's bright'ning ray
Gives life forever, and hope, and joy;
And we're sorry indeed for each girl and boy
Who lives in China, or any place
Where nothing is known of light and grace;
And we'll try to do, as we ponder thus,
What we would wish them to do for us
If we were heathen and they were here
In this favored land of light and cheer.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

—Herald and Presbyter.

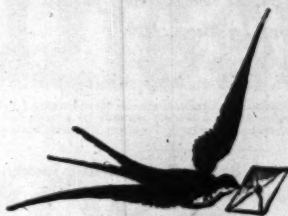


A CHINESE READING LESSON.

THE above is a picture of "Precious Gem," a little Chinese girl in a Christian day school. In China the girls of heathen parents are not sent to school at all. They have poor, aching, bandaged feet, and are never expected to play, because it is "unladylike," and really they are in too much pain to do so. [We saw a little Chinese girl in Chinatown, New York, with bandaged feet.] Work and suffering become their portion from childhood to old age. Boys enter school when six or seven years old, and study very hard seven days in the week, with no Saturdays, Sundays, or holidays of any sort. In a real Chinese school all the scholars are required to study aloud at the top of their voices, and if a boy allows his voice to drop, he feels the strength of a bamboo rod. There are no classes, and every pupil, when he has learned his lesson, goes to the master, passes him the book, and, turning his back upon him, recites as rapidly as possible, according to their strange custom.

A CHINESE girl's age can be told by the way she combs her hair. From babyhood up to twelve years the front of the head is kept shaved. Gradually this is allowed to grow out, but as long as she is a school-girl she wears it in a braid.—*Ex.*

Our Letter Box.



From Lota and Joy.

At the Baptist Chinese Mission, Fresno, Cal.

[We are glad to print these letters addressed to Mrs. Reynolds.]

Dear Aunt Mary: We went out to the country, last Saturday, and had a real good time. It was hot that day, and Joy and I played with the children until we were called to dinner. The lady gave us some ice-cream, and it was refreshing, for we were all very warm. I am in the eighth grade, and if I keep on and get promoted every time, I will graduate next January from the grammar school. Joy is very much like she was when you were here, except she has grown a good deal, and I expect a little more mischievous. Joy can read quite well, and is beginning to write a few words. It is very amusing to watch Joy play and call Miss Stein love names. Dear Grandma Stein is getting sweeter every day. How I do wish you could see the trees at our place; they look so tall and green, and are in full leaf. I hope you will come to see us again. With a great many hugs and kisses for you, I will have to say good-by.

Your little friend,

LOTA YOUNG.

Dear Aunt Mary: I hope that soon you can read my writing. I am trying to learn to write. I like to learn a little, and I like to play a great deal. Sometimes I am a good girl. I spoke a piece last Christmas, and I was not afraid. I went to the C. P. church last week, and sang for the people. They brought a carriage and took Miss Stein and me. She talked to the people about a girl in China. We are all well, and I wish I could see you again. I give you my love.

Joy.

WHEN a Chinese boy is one hundred days old, a feast is given in his honor, and his suit often consists of a purple or yellow sleeveless vest, worn over a scarlet coat, bright green trousers, white stockings, and red cloth shoes.

FIFTY years ago all the Christians in China met in one room. Now there are fifty thousand. During the last thirty years they have increased 1,800 per cent. If they keep on increasing at the same ratio, the next ninety years will give us 291,600,000 Christians in China.

INSTEAD of an alphabet of twenty-six letters, in Chinese there is a different character for every word. There are said to be 250,000 of these characters.